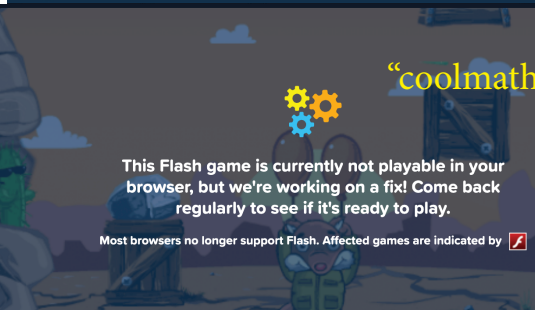
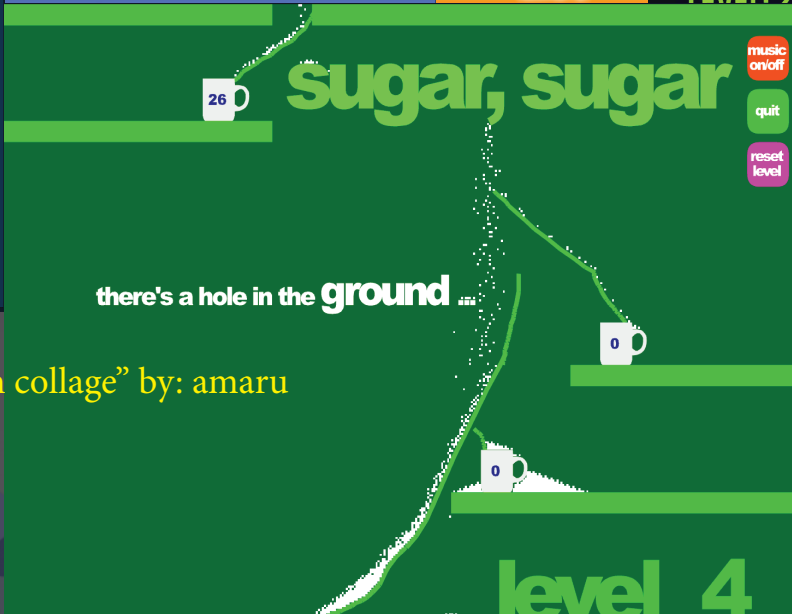
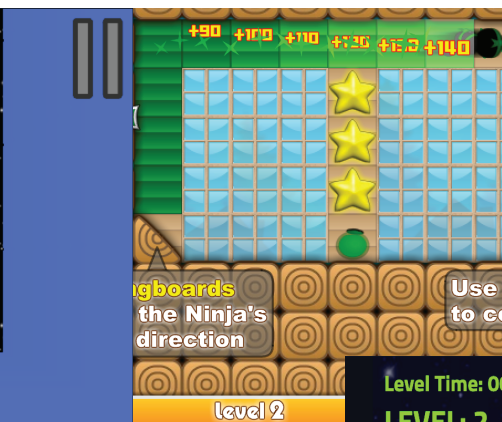
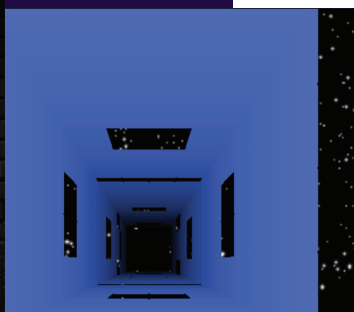
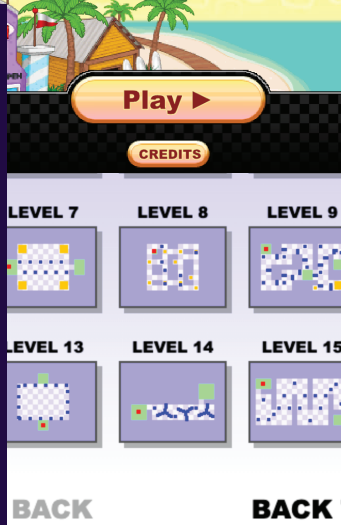
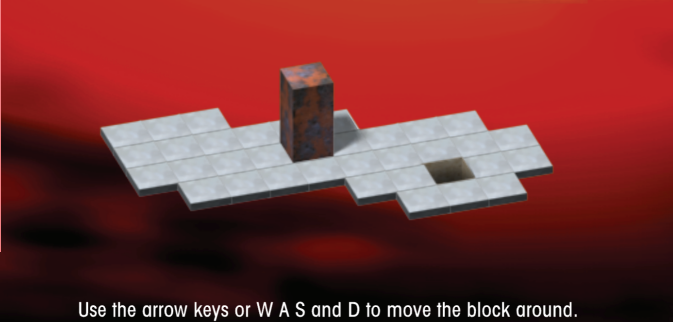


# N\*STALGIA

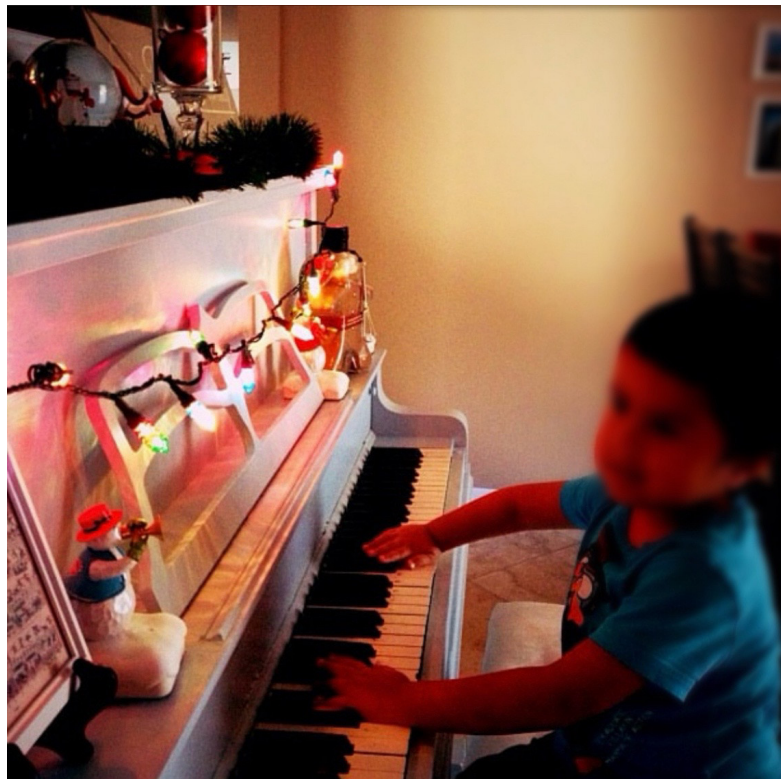


VOL

# 352



I play my family's piano out of tune because it's been out of tune for as long as we've had it. I never learned any actual chords or how to play properly, but I kinda like it that way. I like the idea that if broken keys still make sound, they can still create music. Broken thoughts and fragments of ideas become lyrics and rhymes that others can relate to. Some of them listen through broken headphones that only work on one side, but still carry symphonies. Ripped pieces of paper can be pasted onto one another, surrounded by stickers and pictures and tape to create a new image, a new message. Broken toys can still be loved. Stuffed animals with missing limbs and loose strings can still be held in the arms of a child who finds comfort in the little things. So I stand at the piano, and record any sounds that work. Because we're all a little out of tune, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't be heard. – Lynx



# “UO’s Last Chance!” Rally and Averted Strike

By: amaru x Nephrite

On January 11th, 2024 a troupe thick with signs and hoodies filled the EMU green as chants for a living wage emerged from the middle of the circle and radiated to the buildings. This was the final bargaining session for the Graduate Teaching Fellows Federation’s (GTFF) rising push to an equitable compensation for their vigorous work. The EMU green was strategically chosen to be in sight of the EMU room upstairs where GTFF’s bargaining team was currently negotiating the final expressions of GTFF’s proposed contract.



This final rally was a last chance for UO administration to propose a fair contract before a strike set to begin on January 17th. Due to unprecedented inflation, the stipend for UO graduate employees (GE’s) on average is merely 64% percent of Eugene’s living wage, despite many holding the equivalent of two full time jobs: undergraduate educators as well as graduate students,

which highlights not only the failure of UO to recognize the value of GE’s work at this university, but also the failure of UO to respect GE’s as workers at all.

After 10 months of pressure through gathering membership and ally support, as well as a looming threat of strike, UO finally provided a satisfactory contract, which for the course of 3 years will bring up the GE’s salary to a \$2500 per month minimum (and an average earning of about 90% of Eugene’s living wage), introduce anti-discrimination policies for trans and nonbinary GE’s, as well as feature



a new article specifically to address the needs of caregivers and international students to overall make graduate school more accessible to a broader range of people.

We interviewed Rosa, a vice president for GTFF communications and a strong member on the GTFF bargaining team, as we confirmed the contract agreed on is noted as being pretty damn good to most graduate employees! GTFF is currently in the ratification process of the new contract, as they are also impeccably informing members of GTFF at their general membership meetings of all it entails, with details. So one may ask, well what made the UO crack? Did someone new come in? Could admin not sleep after these persistent performances of unity lasered into their skulls that this is translucently callous decision making, and they should put

their pride aside and perhaps their checks down a few bucks? Rosa answered with the truth, that there was a “sheer amount of passion, energy, and organization from (GTFF) members and allies” into the contract campaign.

From undergrad solidarity stretching to whole other campuses, there was nonstop paperwork, loops to twist backwards through, multitudinous hours waiting for UO responses, and countless cries of fury for justice, Rosa leaves us with wise words that hold nothing but the proven truth, that collective action works. It creates and hones leaders, igniting a fire that spreads through all involved as every little contribution was part of the big success. The GEs planted a seed last year and we now have a strong sapling growing to give us all a little shade from UOs burning exploiting rays.

Overall, the new contract is an incredible win for UO GEs, showcasing the power of collective action and unionization. Additionally, this win marks a long-awaited recognition of GEs as an integral part of the functioning of UO as an respectable educational institution. Without GEs, our own education (as undergraduates) would be subpar, as we would rely on people less qualified, less dedicated, and far less passionate to lead our sections, grade our assignments, and overall help us engage with and find value in our education. This recognition displays a culture shift at this university to indisputably classify GEs as the valuable employees they are at UO, and hopefully will pave the way for GEs in the future to fight for their rights in upcoming bargaining sessions.

## What's next for GTFF?

With this win under their belt GTFF will now turn their attention to helping smaller unions in their upcoming bargaining sessions. Visit [gtff3544.net/about/affiliations/](http://gtff3544.net/about/affiliations/) to learn more



# Nostalgia Playlist

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis (feat. Ray Dalton) – Can't Hold Us  
H4N SWOLO – The Imperial March (H4N SWOLO Midtempo Bass Remix)  
Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra – Avant Title BGM Opening  
Ladysmith Black Mambazo – This Little Light of Mine (Bonus Track)  
Emahoy Tsege Mariam Gebru – Homesickness, Pt. 1-2  
Eartha Kitt – I'd Rather Be Burned As A Witch  
Yusef / Cat Stevens – If You Want To Sing Out, Sing Out  
Britney Spears – Toxic  
Sarah Vaughan – A Lover's Concerto  
Nicki Minaj – Super Bass  
P-Square – Do Me  
Rihanna – Umbrella  
Camille – Le Festin  
Bastille -- Pompeii  
Wu-Tang Clan – A Better Tomorrow  
The Clash – Lost in the Supermarket  
Nina Simone – Feeling Good  
Julie London – Why Don't You Do Right  
Cab Calloway – St James' Infirmary  
Etta James – At Last  
James Brown – Prisoner of Love  
Brown Eyed Girls – Abracadabra  
The Ink Spots – My Prayer  
Ray Charles – Hit the Road Jack  
The Cranberries -- Zombie  
Al Green – Let's Stay Together  
Daniel Kahn – Tsu Di Arbeter Froyen  
Los Gondos – Eyes Wide Open On The Nile  
Beautiful Chorus – Pachamamma  
LCD Soundsystem – American Dream  
Yellopain -- Happy Thanksgiving  
The City Lines – Erased  
N'we Jnan Artists – Never Say Die  
Riad Awwad – I'm From Jerusalem  
DeBarge -- I Like It  
Makimakkuk – Tartaga  
JIB – Money  
Billie Holiday – Solitude  
Ella Fitzgerald – Old McDonald  
Trini Lopez – If I Had a Hammer  
Enya – Shepherd Moons  
M83 – Midnight City  
Amahla – Ça Suffit  
Nostalgia – The Hero  
ilijan2k1 – nostalgia.mp3  
Yung Wunda – Change

Art by: Amaru



# Old Usernames

By: DreamcastBlast

Another day and another worthless account to make and use up like a bitter meal, forced to be swallowed. It seems like a daily occurrence for her as she sighs and glances upon the account creation screen, eyes glazed over at the numbness of it all. It seems so simple just to spew some garbage verification to play a new video game with her friends or sign up for another job board, but doing it every month or so is very soul heavy. Her fingers clanking at her laptop, the reflection from the glass keys looking at her with the baggy eyes that she reflected.

Reflection is something that happens a lot in her room whether she likes it or not. Her full length mirror gave all 1 person in that room a good luck at her lazy hunched over body. Then there were all of the metals and trophies from years past, participation trinkets for the most part for sports with a few diplomas for the various grades in glossy plastic. These reflections were at best, unnoticeable and at their worst, reminders of wasted times and sprained ankles, distractions then and distractions now from creating another account.

In the end, reflections can only give so much amusement to the ADHD riddled brain of the woman at the computer, so she sighed and gave up a few minutes to account creation. Personal information would be done first, Jessica J, age 20. It's information that can make her identifiable to any contacts while also not giving another sleazy megacorp another bit of her personality to spy and pander too. Her last name kept a minor secret while her age was a vague 20 while in reality she was really in her 20s instead of being that number on the dot. She would've gone on in this crazed depressive rambling when all of a sudden there was a peculiar event on her computer.

"Damn it!" Jessica spoke as she wiped her black, unkempt hair away from her eyes to reveal the absolute chaos going on her screen. Her mouse was going haywire with clicks and shakes. The white pointer jumps in an instant as she struggles to remember where her mouse was, unable to find it through touch alone. Her desk gave her no feedback of a mouse and as she finally jumped up from her desk she found the source of the misfortune. Under her cheeks lay the black mouse being sat on, begging to be put back on its wooden desk and away from the suffocating beanbag seat.

Readjusting herself was simple enough as she placed the mouse back into its home and her hand reached for it once more. She was using the trackpad on her keyboard out of sheer lazy standing, but now she had a reason to pay a bit more attention to herself. While she was annoyed having to put 10% more effort into a tedious task, she would end up having her baggy eyes widen as her screen showed an interesting set of names on a popup window.

In the rapid clicking that happened previously the mouse must've clicked on something she rarely checked. So used to autofills and the computer remembering so much she couldn't help but let it do all the work in remembering the small things. She had assignments to do and patterns to memorize so why not let the computer handle something as simple as names. Although, now looking at these names, she can't help but let out a small smile as she silently synergises with her past selves, her previous identities, her usernames.

The first that appeared was an ancient relic from times long gone, from when she first got her first computer. A hand me down of a hand me down from father to older brother to herself but she didn't mind getting her own device at age 6. Of course being so young there was plenty for her to do that she really shouldn't have been doing. That's when the first of these names arrived, from before she was even Jessica, when her name was XXGreenbaySpongebob2003XX.

An audible chuckle reached her mouth as she went to click on the link who's username once housed a Youtube account. The channel was no more, the sands of time eroding the AMVs, constraining Nu metal, Pop Punk and Dubstep laid atop of clips from various anime her past self enjoyed at the time. More than likely all were claimed by copyright bots but in her mind, in her memories, in her nostalgia they can all be there again. For her alone to smile and laugh at and not for anyone else to cringe and wince at.

The list kept going down with similar usernames containing an XX in the beginning and a XX at the end. For Neopets, Cartoon Network, and Deviantart it was a variation of a rock band and a cartoon character each getting progressively more “adult” with age. Spongebob became Avatar, Avatar became Family Guy and Family Guy became South Park. These accounts as were the Youtube ones we’re all deader than dead on the world wide web. No need to mourn as memories are for her and no one else.

As time would go on and the scrolling would reach about the halfway point is when the XX became extinct and some more interesting usernames crowded the screen. No longer would it be the cartoons or rock bands that got attention, but instead was school accounts, message boards and social media who were a Jekyll and Hyde to say the least. On the school accounts were the various boring first name then last name portions, the first time she ever dreaded making an account for every stupid assigned website that was used for one year and then dropped forever. The more personal usernames however, tell a different story.

This is a story that is common in the world, a story of an edgy teen wanting to do edgy things while sounding deep. Cutsofblood69, Whalinginmisery!, then there was a regretful one that she didn’t want to even read out. With these there was a mix of cringe and creativity as she looked upon those pages with some even still being up. They were relics of ideas and concepts she thought she knew but really didn’t, only covered up by the fact that there was no way to link them back to her with so much time passed and a new email being used. She wanted to forget her trip down memory lane when she clicked the last link, but was delighted to see it gone forever. Banned from the world and while always existing in her mind, it can be seen as a learning experience instead of a catalyst of everything she doesn’t believe now.

She didn’t feel like going on much longer after that near heart attack. To see her old self corrupt her new self would be beyond heartbreaking as the sins of 14 kill the current 20 something. One more click and that would be the end of this road, back to the task at hand and back to her vision of the here and now. It’s here that nostalgia takes hold and regret thankfully goes to die, it’s here she finds something she almost forgot about, her favorite username and the first one created when Jessica was Jessica.

JstarPop is a name that doesn’t mean anything to anyone, an old dusty account unused and unkept on a dead message board. However it was here that the once bored college student was giggling like it was freshman year all over again. It was here when she uploaded everything from karaoke to pictures of her body, so much change in so little time as she went through her own exploration. This ended of course at the homepage of the account where she eagerly clicked upon the “about me” section and with a smile read to herself.

“Jessica J: age 16” She spoke out loud as she couldn’t help but think back, her mind lost in her own headspace with self discovery nostalgia. Her past before culminating with this old username. This JstarPop was unknown to the world and would forever be unknown, but to her none of that matters as it signals something amazing, the beginning of her present.

From here on the usernames became far more plentiful, yet far more standardized. The sighing confirmation that these accounts were made when she was an adult. Randomly generated garbage made just to get past a screen and verify an email. It was for applying for jobs that never got back to her and for playing games she 9 times out of 10 didn’t seem to like. It was a snap back to reality as she finally returned to the account creation screen.

It was here she had to do something, as she could only reflect on the past for so long in the day. The notifications from Discord blaring in her ears as it seems all of her friends were already installing the game. With this, for the first time in a long time, she smiled as she typed in her username. XXJstarBloodhoundXX was written upon the screen as she audibly cracked up as her nostalgia popped up a name for her. With the hard part done, came the part she always did last. Her password was effortlessly typed in, sometimes with an extra letter or a combination but always similar ever since she was 6. Despite everything she always kept it around and it would greet her now and forever. Forever in her memories and forever memorized, never to be seen by anyone but herself, and she couldn’t be happier.

# The Death of Genre

*By: Dorian Blue*

In the modern age, it feels like everything has to be a hybrid, a crossover, or blend. This is true in music, literature, and film. But, it's just an acknowledgement of the truth. The long-held idea of a literary canon is based on the opinions of the few, mostly white men. These spaces aren't as exclusionary as they once were, though still have a long way to go. Across the board, the publishing industry is extremely white, with most counts putting the percent of white employees at 75-80%. While it used to be more overtly discriminatory, the publishing industry now likes to preach its inclusivity through virtue signaling statements. Though they may publish authors of color, in an article on LitHub, Tajja Isen points out that "with towering barricades around any port of entry, the book industry has always been complicit in marginalization."

Ideas of genre and category always naturally change over time. While tragedy and comedy seem to persevere through the millenia, most other genres that are well-known today are more recent developments. Science fiction wasn't a mainstay until the early 20th century. Even now, it still struggles to know its borders. Is the writing of Mary Shelley and Frank Herbert really comparable? The mystery genre has more of a lengthy history, but now has a specific formula that many readers are familiar with that now often toes the line or completely sinks into cliché.

Creatives always need to do something novel to make themselves stand out from the crowd. While everything is derivative in some way, as nothing is made in a vacuum, adding a new spin or take on something is what can bring in an audience. As always, capitalism has its own role in this. When a new book is being marketed, the author and publisher take pains to explain how interesting the book is. It's their job, and their livelihood may rest on it. However, nine times out of ten, the supposed "reinvention" or "fresh look" being proposed is engineered to be palatable for the largest common denominator.

For example, a book that claims it's a newer, more exciting romance is often the same old shit. It falls into the genre perfectly, but creates the illusion that it doesn't for added prestige. Anyone who's critical may not be fazed by it, but its target audience will eat it up. Awkward prose and unorganized narrative structure don't matter if it taps into the right niche of TikTok. In play acting as new and revolutionary, trope-y books overshadow actually inventive novels.

There have been many books published that highlight issues of racism within the industry itself. This is a hallmark of any industry that profits off creative works. There are also many films that spotlight stories of discrimination in Hollywood, but the systems in place stay largely unchanged. "The absorption of dissent isn't surprising; loosening the valve to release a little built-up tension is a time-honored tactic that lets the status quo carry on unchecked." Isen uses this apt metaphor to describe how anything can be profitable. Even if thought-provoking, it can't change the system all on its own.

Humans seek to categorize, but to what avail? I think that genre shouldn't be done away with entirely, but should be recognized for what it is: a series of arbitrary constructs dictated by a few people who have little care or understanding for the real world and the complexity within it.

# INSTITUTIONAL ABLEISM AT UO - My EXPERIENCE

By: Adrian A

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On October 14th, 2019, I was three weeks into my freshman year at the University of Oregon. I was living in Hamilton Hall, 8 hours away from my hometown in California. While walking back from the EMU to my dorm, I was struck by a car while using the crosswalk at the 13th and Agate intersection. My left femur absorbed the brunt of the impact and snapped - a comminuted displaced fracture that initially appeared to be a compound fracture. Luckily, the bone only tore through the muscles and did not puncture through the skin.

The femur (thighbone) is the longest and strongest bone in the human body and rated as one of the most painful bones to break. Evolving from quadrupedal to bipedal locomotion means that human femurs developed into an instrumental role in supporting the weight of the body when you stand and stabilizing you as you move; a break in the femur affects the function of the entire body. Even with advanced surgical treatment and physical therapy, it is near impossible to recover into the person you were before the injury. I was quickly rushed to PeaceHealth Riverbend and put into traction, had an emergency surgery performed in the early morning of October 15th by a highly skilled orthopedic surgeon and did not suffer from severe complications (like infections) resulting from the surgery. I am extraordinarily privileged in this regard, especially since I was a healthy active 18 year old before the accident. Nevertheless, the fallout from this injury was absolutely devastating.

The problems start with the accident site itself. The 13th and Agate intersection is infamous for being an absolute shitshow due to the high volume of students using it and how busy Agate St gets. Every single UO student I have spoken to about the accident has an anecdote about almost being hit by a car while using that crosswalk. The ER staff recognized it immediately and complained about the volume of injuries that occur there. Just a ways away down the road is another crosswalk between Hamilton and Unthank that has flashing lights and more pedestrian safety - how hard is it to approve the far busier four way stop?

Next comes UOPD. Right after the accident occurred and I regained consciousness, both the driver

of the car and I were in shock. The driver, before being ushered away by someone, said "I didn't see you!" I told anyone who would listen that I was sorry, I was so embarrassed, this all has to be my fault somehow. The driver's statement of not seeing me was not taken down when UOPD responded to the scene. I was not interviewed until I was in the ER room on a very high dose of fentanyl and completely alone. The responding officer's police report was less than a page and named me, the pedestrian, at fault because I repeatedly "expressed guilt." Nevermind the fact that I was in the middle of the crosswalk when I was struck by the left side of the car. The officer that responded to my case went on vacation the day after, leaving me to have to get a lawyer and give another statement to her sergeant a month after the fact.

After seven days in the hospital, I was discharged and went to stay with my sister and her husband in Bend, OR. We were able to notify all of my professors within two days post-op but as we began to settle me in, it became clear that two weeks was nowhere near enough time to recover. I was wheelchair bound, taking oxycodone and muscle relaxers to try and dampen the excruciating pain, unable to bathe or use the toilet unassisted, and unable to dress myself or use any part of my left leg. My lower back atrophied. My left foot had little to no circulation, resulting in broken blood vessels over my toes. As the physical toll was wreaking havoc on my mental state, the academic consequences were just beginning.

My sister, an alumni from UO, had her own struggles with an undiagnosed learning disability while attending which gave her experience with navigating accommodations and academic support. When we called the AEC, we were told that they couldn't help us because they didn't deal with "temporary" disabilities. She was absolutely floored by this response and no appeal of ours could change that decision. I lost my scholarship and couldn't appeal the decision. I was forced to withdraw from 2 out of the 4 courses I was enrolled in. I couldn't switch from Hamilton to a more accessible residence hall. When I contacted different offices at the University for help, my best options were to essentially drop out and come back when I

was healed, which was not feasible financially. Our phone calls and emails were going nowhere. I returned to campus after one month of healing and decided I would visit the offices of the multitudes of “resources” available to students in-person to attempt to get my academic career back on track.

I quickly realized that using a wheelchair would be too much of an ordeal with the wet pavement and lack of accessible entrances across campus. I forced myself up onto crutches with poor technique and hobbled down two flights of stairs every week to do laundry in Hamilton’s basement. The wet floors of the communal showers (and multiple other halls across campus) were incredibly dangerous to use crutches on, leaving me to crawl on the disgusting moldy floors to shower. Lawrence Hall’s “ramp” has a warning sign for how steep the grade is, Condon’s “ramp” has irregular paving and fills with puddles, the elevators for MacKenzie, Lawrence, Condon, and Gerlinger were slow and tucked into far-away corners that added significantly more time and frequently made me late to classes. I applied for the access shuttle and was able to use it a few times, but my schedule was never incorporated into the system properly since it wasn’t filed months in advance. I had to use the same crosswalk I got hit at almost daily. If a lecture hall or classroom did have accessible seating, it was filled by other students which forced me to sit in the regular seats. At this time in my journey, I physically was unable to bend my knee to a 90 degree angle and physically unable to sit in the weird tilted seats for long periods of time because I’d lose circulation in my feet and start having muscle spasms in my lower back and thigh. My crutches would get in the way of the other students, it was impossible to use the bathroom, I couldn’t carry my phone or a coffee or food or get the door for myself. On top of that, I had nightmares every night, I was barely eating because Hamilton dining was inaccessible and noisy, I was terrified of existing on campus and felt like I was a complete nuisance for others to deal with.

My mental state got so bad that I hobbled across the 13th and Agate crosswalk, yet again, to visit the mental health services at the Health Center. I told the front desk I was suicidal and paranoid and got to sit with a sympathetic psychiatrist who informed me that I met all of the criteria for PTSD. I admitted out loud that the difficulty of existing, the daily extreme bodily pain, and the growing number of overdue medical bills being mailed to my dorm made me start to regularly

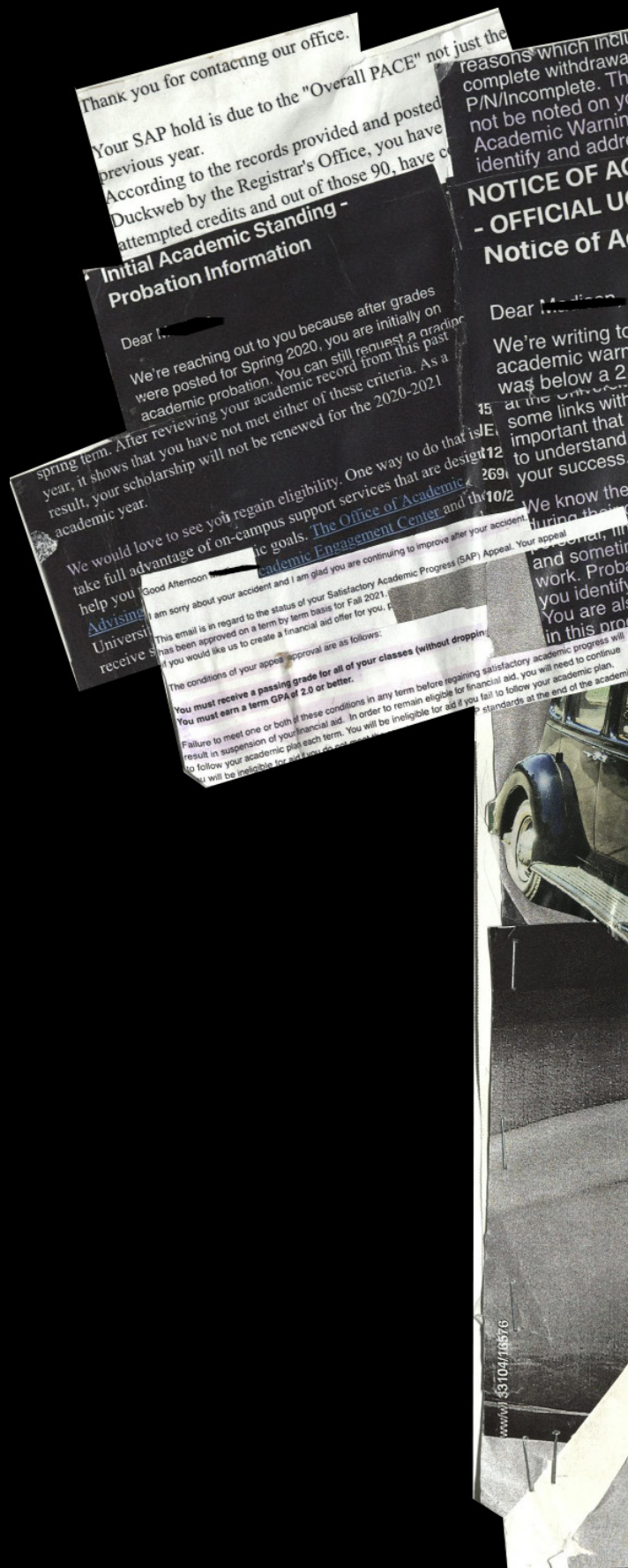
consider death as an option to escape from all of it. I was informed that if I truly was feeling this way, then I would be placed under a 72-hour psychiatric hold and admitted to the hospital. I was still traumatized from the E.R. and still receiving medical bills. I lied, asked for my options for counseling, and was told that long-term counseling would be required for my case - I would be referred to therapists off-campus. I could barely navigate campus at the time. I returned to my dorm room and entered into a state of severe dissociation.

I’m entering into my fifth year at UO and I’m set to graduate with my BA in Spring 2024. I survived my freshman year, I even managed to pass a few classes every term - I was still put on academic probation, lost my financial aid, received a warning letter to my home address that I was about to flunk out of UO during 2020 and spent the entire summer writing letters of appeal to strangers, sending unnamed members of the UO Bureaucracy my medical records that depicted my bruised, broken, injured body and my fragile mental state. I routinely had to appeal Financial Aid until I finally hit the credit load that was considered “satisfactory.” I missed out on opportunities to explore my major, internships, and other opportunities during my freshman and sophomore years and spent my junior/senior year playing catch-up. I worked hard to get to this place and I did it on my own.

This is absolutely unacceptable for an institution that prides itself on acceptance and inclusion to do. UO staff reminded me that “the University can’t be held liable or sued because technically the city owns the intersection and the driver wasn’t affiliated with the university!” more often than they informed me of ways they’d be able to make me get to class easier. I didn’t get access to the academic tutors and support that student athletes get when they’re about to fail out of their D1 scholarship eligibility nor did I get access to medical assistance to help me recover from a severe fracture to my femur - I was able to get a referral to physical therapy from the surgeon and the Health center didn’t accept my insurance. I used this resource as long as I was financially able to and tried to ignore the athletes in my classes talking about the great massages they get for tight muscles. Schill raised our tuition for the Hayward Field remodel yet residence halls and other buildings on campus are in violation of ADA regulations. The AEC needs to do a serious review into their policies and ask themselves why they decided that a student

who suffered from a major injury and required mobility aids for the foreseeable future was disqualified from receiving assistance.

I am furious that I have to try to reconcile the horrific trauma I underwent because some idiot at a busy and unsafe intersection decided to whip a left turn too hard without paying attention, with the desperate desire to remember the great things I've experienced and accomplished here at the University. When I first made this collage for Art 116, I was embarrassed to show it - it felt melodramatic, deeply personal, and really embarrassing. Following the responses from my classmates, I realized just how badly I had gotten fucked over as a student paying 40,000 dollars a year to attend this university. I hope that this act of trauma dumping lights a fire under the University to review their policies and inspires other students to speak up about ableism they've faced on campus. I refuse to let another student, whether they were physically disabled before attending or become disabled during the school year go through what I went through.



Art by: Adrian A

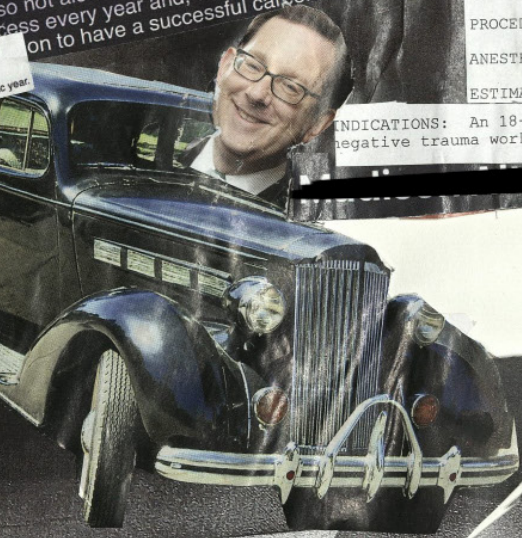
...de studying abroad, doing a  
...l, or earning combined marks of W/  
...is is not a punishment and will  
...our official transcript. Instead,  
...g is a process meant to help you  
...ess any challenges you're facing.

## ACADEMIC PROBATION AND COMMUNICATION

### Academic Warning

...inform you that you are on  
...ing (AW) because your term GPA  
...0. This can happen for many  
...ore information below, and to  
...you meet with an academic advisor  
...the policy and take steps to support

...re are many challenges students face  
...college experience – including  
...financial, health, family, or other issues –  
...times those challenges impact academic  
...ation is a process that is meant to help  
...y and address challenges you're facing.  
...so not alone; many students participate  
...ress every year and, with the help of their  
...on to have a successful career at UO



OPERATIVE REPORT

DATE OF SURGERY: 10/15/2019.

SURGEON: D. [REDACTED] MD

ASSISTANT: [REDACTED] PA.

PREOPERATIVE DIAGNOSIS: Left comminuted displaced femoral shaft fracture.

POSTOPERATIVE DIAGNOSIS: Left comminuted displaced femoral shaft fracture.

PROCEDURE PERFORMED: Retrograde intramedullary nailing, left femur.

ANESTHESIA: General.

ESTIMATED BLOOD LOSS: 50 mL.

INDICATIONS: An 18-year-old University student struck by a car last night,  
negative trauma workup displaced femur fracture.

### Case # [REDACTED]

...artin Lee, PA was instrumental in retracting the soft  
...the patient, maintenance of reduction while the fixation  
...assistance with closure.

PROCEDURE IN ...he patient was identified, 2 grams of Ancef were  
administered. General anesthesia was induced. She was placed supine on the  
operating room table. The left leg was prepped and draped. Prior to draping,  
we checked the rotation of the right ... which was roughly 60 degrees of  
external rotation and 20 degrees ... The left leg was prepp  
and draped.

...this first at the knee, but I used  
...tudinal incision over the patellar  
...and divided the retinaculum to the  
...knee joint, spreading with scissors  
...serted the guidewire just in the  
...the articular cartilage, checked on  
...ewire up into the distal femoral  
...position; I over-reamed with a 12  
...both for positioning up until this  
...with a fracture, I placed a bump  
...tion with the assistance of a fall  
...t and with my assistant applying  
...let, I was able to maintain a good  
...d the guidewire up in the  
...ne reduction under fluoroscopic  
...th a 9.5 reamer, went up in 0.5  
...0 mm diameter nail that was 340  
...10 mm deep from the joint surfac  
...eral of the knee and placed 2  
...I drilled with the calibrated  
...difficulty. I viewed the fractu  
...thickness was the same above and  
...femur was the same above and be  
...90 degrees and the hip as well.  
...ative rotation of about 60 degra  
...I checked the fluoroscopic  
...view of the right knee with the  
...lateral tibial spine and then  
...ge and I did the same on the  
...ked at the outline of the great  
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...rent from side-to-side. I the  
...cision in the anterior proxima  
...lled bicortically and placed a  
...ere all copiously irrigated.  
...m, 2-0 vicryl in the  
...the skin. Steri-Strips and a  
...removed. I checked the rotat  
...knees to 90 degrees, and I was

### Dean's List 2021

Dear [REDACTED],

I am pleased to extend to you my warm personal  
congratulations on your academic achievement for  
spring term 2021.



# Mental Health at the University of Oregon

By: willow

When asking whether students should have their mental health supported by schools at the university level, many answers can be reached. I would like to believe that many would lobby in support of students receiving help, although that may not be the case. It is my belief that universities should be required to provide support for student's mental health to combat the epidemic of mental illness faced by the student demographic, the rigors of academia that affect mental health, and the otherwise lack of support given to young adults during difficult life transitions. University is a painstaking process, and it takes over the entire life of students who attempt it. Particularly for those who have previous mental health issues, this can be a very trying time. With the support of the school they attend, it is possible for students to succeed in both academia and their personal lives, regardless of mental health issues. At the University of Oregon specifically, I find the accommodation given to students facing mental health issues to be lacking due to personal experience and written testimonies from other students. In this essay I will explore the ways that universities should be better supporting their students to help them to succeed.

In a written testimony from a University of Oregon student published through The Student Insurgent, they outline the complete lack of care that they received from the school when they experienced a mental health crisis. During a depressive episode, they reached out to the school for help. Instead of receiving any substantial form of assistance, they were sent a suicide risk screening. Not completing the screening threatened "anything from a 72-hour psychiatric assessment to a hold on your university account. If the University of Oregon actually cared about the wellbeing of their students, they should not have to threaten them to take the steps they want them to take to keep them safe. It became abundantly clear that this policy was in place to shield the University from lawsuits. They are doing the bare minimum"<sup>1</sup>. I have unfortunately experienced a similar situation to this one during a mental health crisis. I reached a point where I was forced to drop out for a term, and instead of receiving any sort of help or assistance I had an academic warning placed onto my account. It is highly discouraging to not be receiving any support from an institution that you are dedicating both copious amounts of time and money to. It is my belief that the University of Oregon is severely lacking in their support for students in terms of mental health assistance. Whether it be using students in training as therapists, placing stipulations around who can use the Accessible Education Center, or threatening students in crisis, the University of Oregon has a long way to go before they begin to perform effective care for their students.

Considering the fact that 77% of undergraduate students experienced moderate to severe psychological distress in 2022, it is my belief that it is not just the University of Oregon that is lacking in resources for mentally ill students<sup>2</sup>. In a study done by the American College Health Association, it was found that one in four students have experienced depression in the last year. These students were also at higher risk of academic impairment, chronic pain, sinus infections, learning disabilities, and smoking habits<sup>3</sup>. The correlation between mental and physical illness is well documented, universities should be supporting their students long before they start to experience physical manifestations of their mental illnesses. College is supposed to be a time of exploration, instead students are busy trying to stay afloat. According to Zara Abrams, "students today are also juggling a dizzying array of challenges, from coursework, relationships, and adjustment to campus life to economic strain, social injustice, mass violence, and various forms of loss related to COVID-19" (Abrams)<sup>4</sup>.

The expectations placed on students to balance both a healthy academic and social life while maintaining time

1 Hippo, Curious. Suicide at UO: An Illusion of Care. The Student Insurgent. May, 2022.

2 Bryant, Jessica & Welding, Lyss. College Student Mental Health Statistics. Best Colleges. February, 2023.

3 Lindsay, Fabiano & Stark. The Prevalence and Correlates of Depression Among College Students. College Student Journal.

for self-care isn't feasible for many students struggling with mental illness, it's hard enough for folks who don't have any sort of mental impairments. The lack of support from universities does nothing to better the lives of these students, especially when they are a high-risk group. It is easier for universities to ignore the needs of their students and force them to turn to outside resources than provide them with the help that they so desperately need.

One effective resource that the University of Oregon has employed is the Accessible Education Center, which allows students to receive accommodations for both mental and physical disabilities. This is the only mental health resource available through the UO that I have personally found to be highly effective. Whether it be priority registration, breaks during class, or lengthened test times, the AEC has many available resources for students who struggle to keep up with a regular pace. There are, however, drawbacks to the Accessible Education Center; unless you have either a therapist's or psychiatrist's official diagnosis of your deficits, you cannot use the AEC. I understand that this is in hopes of making resources available to those who have been officially diagnosed, but not everybody has the privilege of being officially diagnosed. Whether it be monetary costs or lack of support, many students may not have the resources available to access the AEC. While the AEC has been helpful for me and many other students, it has not served its full potential for many others.

Some may argue that it is not the responsibility of universities to be handling the mental health of their students. There are outside resources that students can seek out, and universities have enough to handle without having to add in mental health. With this I vehemently disagree. Students spend a minimum of four years at a university, often spending multiple days a week on campus. This is not only a time investment for students, but a substantial monetary investment too. Many students are taking out loans to support themselves through college, which is a stressor in itself. Adding in the rigors of coursework on top of that, balancing a social life, and having personal time is nearly impossible. Outside resources that should be available to students are often inaccessible. For out of state students using school insurance, therapy outside of the school isn't an option unless they pay out of pocket. From personal experience I have learned that the University of Oregon uses graduate students as therapists without informing their patients, giving them unreliable information and advice. Seeking psychiatry outside of the school without insurance costs upwards of \$200 a session, not to mention the costs of medication. Students requiring higher levels of care such as intensive outpatient programs or partial hospitalization pay thousands of dollars a month for this care. Those unable to hold a job due to mental illness rely on the help of others for the essentials, much less for spendy mental health assistance. If resources aren't offered through the universities that students spend so much time and money at, many students have no resources available to them at all. This is not only a detriment to the students, but the universities themselves. Students who are unable to care for themselves are often unable to attend their courses or do their required coursework. This is reflected in the overall averages of the school and their displayed grade point averages. If universities don't care enough about their students to help them for the sake of their students, they should do it for the universities themselves.

Mental illness is an epidemic among the student population, and one that doesn't receive enough recognition or assistance. Universities should be required to support their student's mental health because of the epidemic of mental illness faced by the student demographic, the rigors of academia that affect mental health, and the otherwise lack of support given to young adults during difficult life transitions. It is my hope that this essay has helped to outline the complete lack of resources dedicated to students struggling with mental illness and some possible solutions. This is a topic near and dear to my heart as someone who has struggled with mental illness their entire life. The lack of support given to students at the university level is absolutely disheartening. I have watched many friends forced to leave this school due to the lack of support given to them, I almost had to leave the school myself for that exact reason. It is my hope that more awareness is raised for this topic and universities have a change of heart and start to care about supporting their students throughout all stages of their academic career.



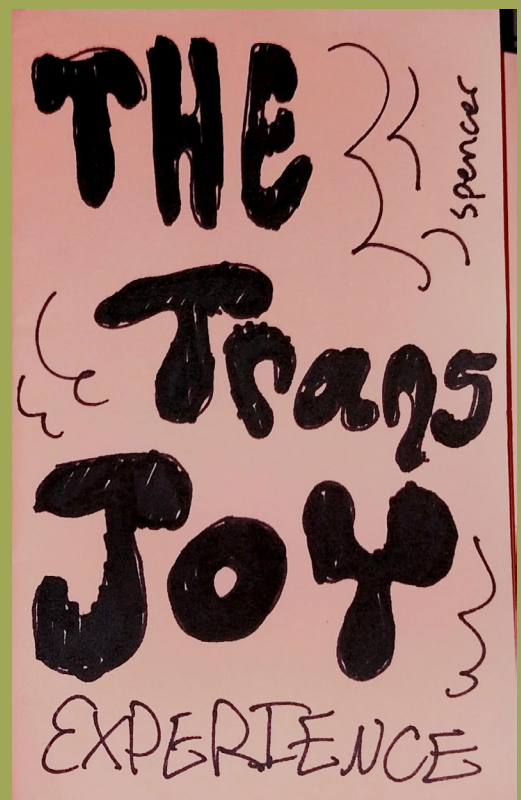
You wish I were in your image.  
Soft and delicate crevices,  
but stone and sculpted angles  
where a stomach and thighs  
should be. You want me to be  
tender and warm, an ample  
bosom to fit your desires. What  
I want is to fit my own gaze.  
My body, soft in all the wrong  
places, scars gently outlining  
where breasts used to be.  
My body isn't an object to be  
gazed upon, it is My home.

Art and poem by: Oliver Bee

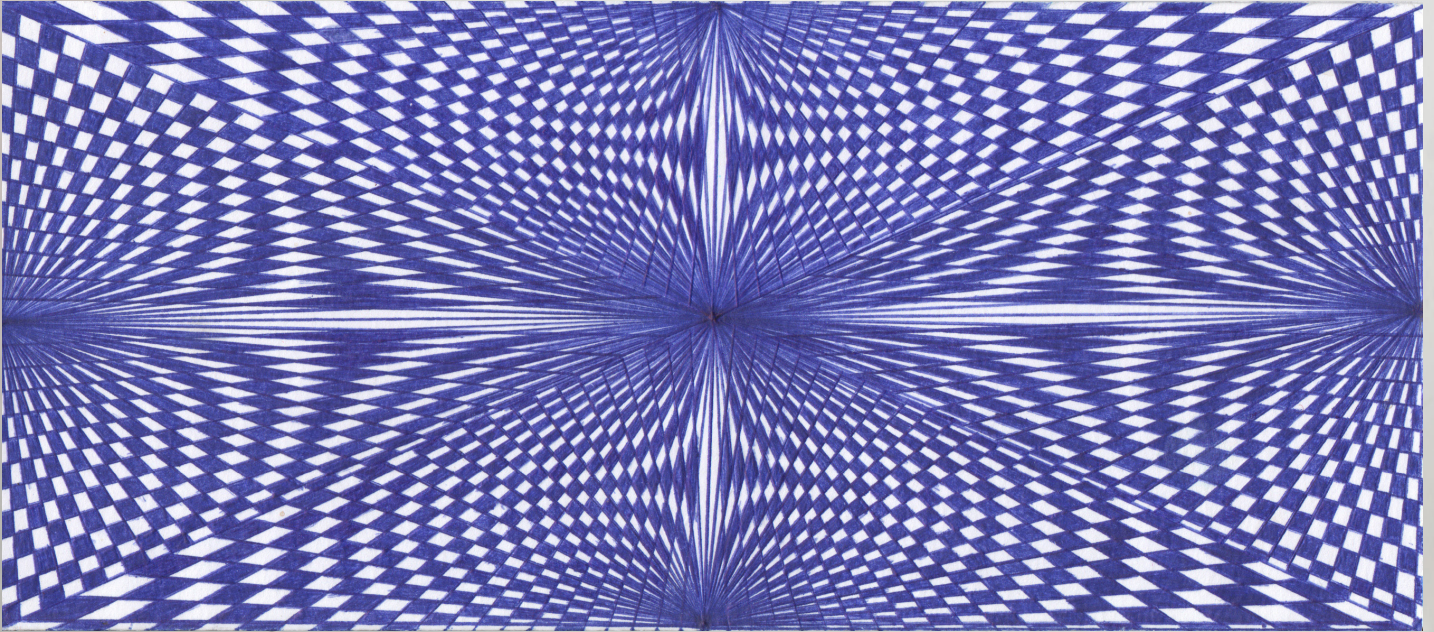


"The Trans Joy EXPERIENCE"  
Scan here to view full zine

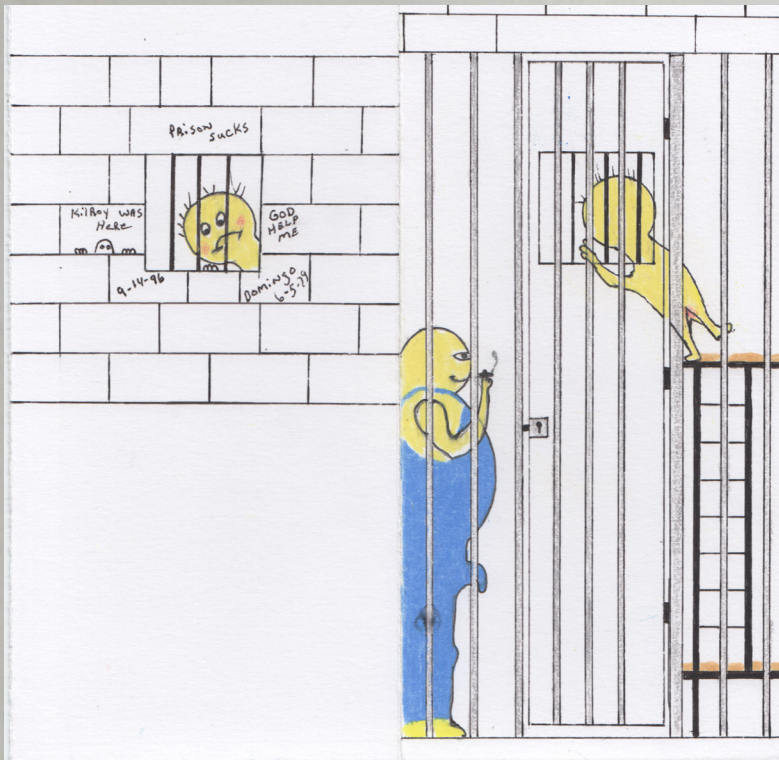
Zine by: Spencer



# Prison Project



Art by: Michael McCann,  
Snake River Institute



The following piece on the next page was written by Cameron Terhune, whose multimedia artwork was featured in the Despair and Hope issue. Terhune sent this piece of writing along with a letter. He wrote “Other than writing, I do art, I write letters, I read a lot, pet the stray cats that live in the prison grounds, daydream, walk around —” Terhune is being held at CTF North prison in California. You can read more of Terhune’s writing at <https://prisonjournalismproject.org/2022/02/28/my-ukrainian-correspondence-saved-my-life/>, and [https://www.reddit.com/user/Etwas\\_Anders/](https://www.reddit.com/user/Etwas_Anders/)

# Cats and Dragons

By: Ronin Grey

[the pen name I use for non-prison writing :)]

Imagine a creature. Imagine that this creature is a master hunter. Imagine that it is fierce and proud, that it is cunning and patient, that it has the capacity to be roused to terrible fury but for the most part spends its days in a state of grand repose, placid, calm, reflective. Imagine this creature too is not only intelligent, canny and instilled with the wisdom of the ages but that it is also sleek, graceful in its every movement and beautiful in a way that only a exemplar of nature can be.

If your mind tends towards the realms of fantasy, the creature you are picturing may be a dragon. If you take more of a realist's approach to your daydreaming the beast you envision might instead be a cat. What many fail to realize is that these two creatures are one in the same. Supposing you are disinclined to simply take my word for it, allow me to illumine this unconventional position: cats are dragons.

Dragons are often portrayed as devilishly intelligent, far smarter than a mere human. Yet, the skeptic objects, cats are not as smart as humans. True – they are far, far smarter. For proof one need only examine the historical record of species domestication. Humans have spent most of the span of our existence domesticating wild animals in order to gain their cooperation in a variety of endeavors. Dogs help hunters and keep watch for intruders. Cows and pigs provide a stable food supply. Sheep offer their wool to clothe us, horses pull plows, and so on. What purpose, then, do cats serve? Why would early humans go to the great lengths required to domesticate cats if they served no purpose to our daily survival?

The reality, once we look beyond the pride of our species, is obvious. Humans did not domesticate cats. Cats domesticated humans. Like the dragons, cats understand the usefulness of employing capable servitors with opposable thumbs, so they set forth a plan to tame our rowdy breed. Its success has been nothing short of remarkable.

Cats are smarter than humans because humans expended tremendous effort to domesticate many different species to perform many different tasks. Cats harvested the fruits of all our labor in one fell swoop and needed only to domesticate a single species in order to achieve a perpetual leisure state still unmatched by human efforts despite millenia of technological slogging. Witness that upon the vast digital altar humans make daily sacrifices, nothing is more widely adored than cat videos.

Dragons, too, are known for their ability to charm. The magic of dragons is the magic of cats, the bending of lesser minds to their wills, the subtle mastery which never sits so heavy as to provoke rebellion. Again, the skeptic protests: "I have never seen a cat wave a magic wand, nor perform an arcane invocation, nor even so much as utter a single inscrutable syllable in order to further their mysterious ends!"

While i would be remiss if I didn't point out the visceral reaction a human body experiences to the most magic of all words – meow, a sound pregnant with the promise of impending delight, thus superior to the myriad, guttural vocalizations of the lowly dog – I agree that cats proffer no theatrics. They need none. To understand the nature of cat magic one need merely to pet one. Observe as your fingers begin to stroke the cat's fur the heady sense of peace settling over the mind. This is what it feels like to be bewitched. As you continue to pet the cat, all anxieties gradually become more distant to the entranced mind. All thoughts of doing anything besides petting the cat forever vanish. You may even be lulled to sleep.

Regardless of the intensity of the initial enchantment, the subject of a cat's magic eventually finds themselves compelled to seek the cat's approval in all things. It becomes reasonable to follow the cat around and bear witness to its every idle doing, to feed it according to its own exacting specifications, to provide the cat with every material comfort and even to scoop out 'the box.' Even this ultimate expression of devotion, to the bespelled, seems a small price to pay in exchange for the fluttering in our chest when the cat deigns to notice our presence, to direct towards us its attention, to allow our approach and tolerate our clumsy attempts to amuse it.

This is the most basic form of cat magic, but it is only one of a cat's many means of binding a human to its will. Should further proof be needed, I cite the purr: a far more potent tool for ensuring total compliance. The purring of a cat has been specially attenuated over eons of evolution to bypass all human resistance to its mandate. Once this hypnotic vibration resonates within the hapless target the purr unleashes upon the human mind an emotional payload equivalent to a mother's lullaby and a father's praise. Down to our bones, humans seek both a sense of security and to be acknowledged. This sonic barrage tells us, 'all is well, pet human. You are safe. You are appreciated. Nothing bad will happen so long as you continue to do exactly this.'

The strength of the purr's hold on an individual can be ascertained by the most basic of tests: once you have been enthralled by the purr, attempt to stop petting the cat and recall what you were doing before the cat subverted your attention. Most often the difficulty of such a thing is immense, thus the spell only ends when the cat wills it.

Cats are dragons. They rule the world, but they are benevolent conquerors who do not seek to upset their subjects or throw our lives into chaos. In fact, catocracy desires to usher in the reverse. Cats prefer order and harmony. Observe that petting a cat is calming in the extreme. It promotes good mental health, positive feelings, good self esteem and reduces stress. It is meditative without being indulgent, comforting but not decadent. A cat reminds its human to take time from our busy lives to rest, to breathe, to untangle our minds from the knots we find ourselves in when we forget to anchor ourselves in the present. Cats alleviate depression, loneliness, boredom and cabin fever. They also protect humans from rodents, insects and the premier, perennial housepest: the bird. They promote good hygiene, good sleep and good manners. Their guiding paws offer a model we would do well to emulate, shaping us into better humans without running roughshod over our free will, unlike the modes of authority we endlessly inflict upon ourselves.

Cats are dragons, in the end, because just as dragons in our mythology represent an ultimate, so too do cats embody the very best traits we wish to possess – intelligence, compassion, curiosity, ingenuity, serenity – without any of our so-human emotional baggage. Cats have carved for themselves a simple niche in our complex world that allows them to spend all day every day doing exactly as they please without causing harm to others. That they managed to achieve utopia without ever working a forty hour week, without getting stuck in traffic or standing in line, and with zero carbon footprint only underscores how much we have yet to learn from their noble example.

Dragons once filled the skies and hoarded all the treasures of the world. Then they realized all they needed to tame us was cuddly fur and a little bit of magic, and forever after humanity belonged to the cats.



"Collaborative desk doodle by 2 strangers in 2 class times" University of Oregon, December 2023

# *Friends with the Best American Girl*

By: Alexa Cruz Abarca

It's beyond frustrating growing up with your femininity being questioned, children relentlessly teasing about my hair and amazed by how I was unsure of playground games. It was isolating, I saw girls being praised and wondered why it couldn't be me. I befriended the most extraordinary girl, Elise, it felt reassuring that someone had viewed me of value that happened to be white. Time passed and I was in Elise's car with our other friends, filled with bass boosted club music and laughs – it's interrupted by Kylie, a Korean American,

"Oh God, I think the reason why I wanted to be liked by the white girls in my dance class was because I wanted to be them." The car goes silent with quiet giggles erupting, I look over to Elise and a realization hits me.

Throughout our friendship, I admired Elise, I was obsessed with her smile and gorgeous round eyes. I questioned if I had a crush on her, but my admiration of her wasn't on par with a realization of sexuality. So dearly, I wanted to be her other half – that I am just as beautiful and like her. People staring, impeccable fashion, taste that was highly regarded and no question of her femininity – she is the picture of girlhood and innocence that was enviable. I couldn't relate to other girls, games of patty cake and mash weren't



games I had grown up with, the clothes my mother chose for me were laughable and my long hair were a reason to pull. No matter how hard I tried to assimilate, it felt out of reach. I could be in the same neighborhood, same interest in toys, same socioeconomic status and was continuously alienable. Elise was what I desired, she was all of that and our friendship was the closest way I could configure my image to be seen as a properly feminine girl. Even in our later years, she was my inspiration for makeup and I would contour my face to attempt like hers, acceptable youth beauty that is seen as desirable and unalienable. Despite her being my tether in Eurocentric excellence, she is still my greatest connection to femininity and intrapersonal connections of a white patriarchal world.

Art by: Alexa Cruz Abarca

# Rose and Lavender

By: Dorian Blue

The boiling water rises  
Whistling of the kettle shrill  
My eye lies on the prize  
There will be an end to my chill

Color blossoms in the mug  
Sumptuous stripes of steam  
Quickening the internal tug  
Put to my lips, a floral dream

Soft, cushioned fields of lavender  
Against the rose's cutting thorns  
I can't turn back the earthly calendar  
And escape their mounting scorn

There's an urge in me to unwind  
To sit with my tea until there's nothing  
more  
The world is in an impossible bind  
Except for another blend I found to pour

I'll take what I can, but how much is left  
Our woes go from lukewarm to cold, no  
longer deft  
When the storm is over there will be calm  
For now, I only have my multitude of qualms

## Over and Back

The trees show me their bare branches  
Gnarled, raw  
The cold bites through my resolve  
A crow's caw  
Sounds in the pale blue above

Love like winter  
Barren and biting  
But it will never splinter  
The frost in my chest  
Will it melt and let me rest?  
The world outside is so dark  
The last thing I want is a sense of  
hostility  
Instead, vitality

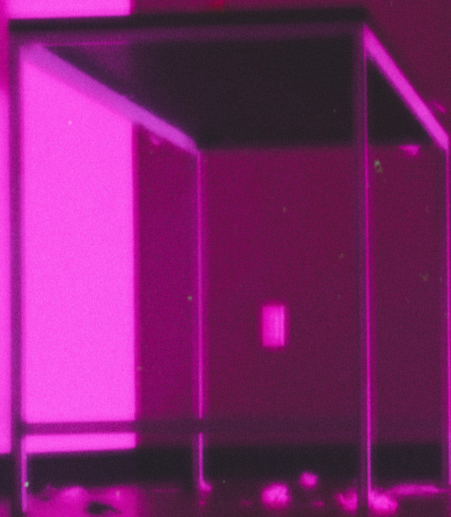
In the beginning threads of spring  
Green will arise  
Nascent in its glimmer  
The crowning of a worthy affection  
Caught in the resounding highs  
And decadent lows

I scramble soundlessly  
A squirrel on a branch  
Making my way to a more inviting world  
One where  
The roses and forget-me-nots are in  
bloom  
And all is fair  
My happiness lifting from the gloom

"Fake roses and handmade lavender stems  
pictured at the LGBTQA center on campus"

By: amaru

WHY ARE WE MOVING  
AGAIN?



# How the Wizarding World Became Straight

## [Fanfiction to critically think about]

By: nephrite

Draco sprinted through the trees, his soaked cloak flapping in the wind, slapping against his skinny ankles. "Damn my ankles are cold" he thought, after all he was 7 feet tall, and most pants just weren't long enough, even with the seams let out. His gay ass platform boots squelched in the mud with every step, a constant metaphor for his traumatic past bogging him down. Though in this case, it was quite a lot more literal, as it was exactly what he was running from.

Draco didn't always know he was gay. At Hhogwarts girls would ask him out left and right: Cho Chang, Hermione (though she would never publicly admit it to her friends Hharry and Rron), Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way (and all those other emo bitches), as well as even some vampire girls! Most didn't know, as he was very human passing, but Draco was in fact half vampire. Of course he had to hide this identity... he was born out of a marital affair and thusly was the only vampire in the family. It was a constant identity crisis. Adding onto his trauma, and sexy gaunt eyebags.

But Draco rejected every one of them, they were of course beautiful, even drop dead stunning, but that spark just was not there. But then, Draco discovered Kpop. And his bias::: Jimin. Jimin's silky black hair, soft pouty lips, bussin dance moves, and iridescent voice captivated Draco. Draco also loved how Jimin had such a cute resting bitch face in certain pictures, because Draco felt he was very relatable, as Draco was also gaslighting, gatekeeping, and girlbossing through his own life. Draco had a Jimin shrine, Draco lived for Jimin, breathed for Jimin, and made his psychedelic punk rock alt band for Jimin. One day, Draco was determined to have Jimin join his band: Funko Draco Punko.

But this happy girlipop era was short lived, for soon his world came shattering down because the boy who was not unalived came to hogwarts, and Draco realized he had bigger selkies to fry: making sure Harry didn't rule the school as the cool alt gayboi. Because Harry's Twitch regularly had 1 million views, which may not seem like a lot.. But the wizarding world is a lot smaller. Draco seethed as he listened to Like Crazy (english version) and nibbled the end of his quill. He knew it was only because Harry wore those cute cat headphones and strawberry girl makeup. Harry was too kawaii for Draco to compete with, especially with Draco's thick eyeliner, iron chains, and deadboi aesthetic. His half vampire blood also only exacerbated the problem, as he was practically translucent when he was angry or embarrassed (because he was so pale and a vampire), and was too invisible to even be cute anymore! Draco buried himself in his magic, killing Harry's confidence, and Korean class. He was very good at Kkorean.

But then one day dturing Saturday Korean tutoring, Harry joined the Korean class. And somehow was fluent?? Language classes were stressful enough because the lowkey competition and toxic learning environment! But this was the last straw on the haystack of misery or whatever the saying is. Draco was livid, and shed some blood tears, then quickly ran away so no one would know he was a vampire. Though it doesn't even matter anyway, because with Harry's kawaii twitch streams, and perfect korean, Harry was bound to catch the eyes of beautiful Jimin and it was over for Draco!

Anyways as Draco sprinted through the forbidden forest and away from this trauma, he ran into an invisible wall. "WHat the fuck!" He yelled, wiping boiling blood tears from his eyes. Then suddenly, the wall shimmered and a towering castle flickered into view. Draco gasped... the coveted rumored BTS castle??!?!?!? There were soaring glass trellises and flying korean buttresses. Gargoyles

of each of BTS' little mascot thingies lined the peaks of the castle, warding off other Kpop group's success (fuck NCT). Soft strains of Dynamite - Acoustic remix tingled out of the vertically rectangular windows. The air pulsated with BTS energy, and Draco felt his big emotions slink to the back of his mind.

"This is my chance" he whispered. "My chance to seduce my loml: Jimin!"

Draco danced and shimmied his way inside to the last riffs of Dynamite- acoustic remix, and stepped into the grand hall to the tune of permission to dance.

**XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX**

"We've been waiting for you." boomed a voice [in Korean].

"Who, me?" Draco murmured, batting his eyelids. A rainbow disco light flooded on illuminating Jin, Suga, J-Hope, RM, V, Jungkook, and, Draco's beloved, Jimin. Draco was honored to be there, they were all wearing cozy sweat pants and wife beaters, clearly taking a needed rest from their busy idol schedules. Draco stared wistfully at Jimin. His hair was perfectly tousled, framing his beautiful face. His muscles rippled as he reached up to fiddle with his locket chain. Draco nearly giggled, he knew Jimin had ADHD (even though Draco didn't), and his restlessness only proved how well Draco spiritually knew Jimin! Draco sighed in bliss, as Jimin's lavender-y scent wafted towards him.



Then suddenly, Draco heard a click, and the locket fell open as if in slow mo. Then Draco's half-vampire super senses honed in like a mirrorless digital camera... and Draco choked on his breath. The picture in the locket was no other than Renjun from NCT! Draco's vision blurred, his heart felt hot, and his brain turned to mush. Jimin... and Renjun??? How could this be? Draco had spent every waking minute indulging in deep dives into the internet, researching Jimin's life, and performing satanic rituals to ensure their intertwined fate. But now this little ho Renjun had stolen his precious Jimin away??

Draco began to grunt and moan, his canines elongated into full vampire fangs, and his muscles rippled in a skinny but still toned typa way. He lunged at Jimin with a roar, his chilly arctic eyes suddenly alive with flames. He wanted one thing and one thing only: to suck the life out of Jimin. If Draco couldn't have him, then no one should have him at all. Draco's hands grappled Jimin's shoulder and the nape of his neck, and his fangs closed in.

Then suddenly, a warm body shot in between and yelled "STOPPP" [in korean].

"Don't be a toxic ass bitch Draco. I know you're better than that. I know you've been through so much, with your trauma and stuff." [this is all in Korean btw, draco's proficiency is pretty high like a solid 3 on the OPIc with developing skills at level 4]

"Draco. Ive been watching you. I admire everything you do. Funko Draco Punko is my favorite band. I love how you tie in so much symbolism between your mixed vampire-human identity and your crooning dark gothic lyrics. I know you draco, I understand you. You def aren't as cool as Harry Potter. I neeeded you. You are MY idol, Draco"

Draco was speechless. The fire disappeared from his piercing tranquil blue eyes and he looked down into the orbs of the person who had just spoken those beautiful words.

“Jungkook?” Draco breathed.

XX

Draco opened his groggy eyes. Before him lay the angelic face of Jungkook. Draco felt nothing but love and affection: here was his savior who had stopped him from killing Jimin, thus exposing his identity as vampire and getting him kicked out of hogwarts! If Draco had been kicked out of hogwarts, his family would be appalled. And nothing is more important than the Malfoy family’s approval. Filial piety ran strong in Draco.

Draco watched Jungkook sleep for another 7 and a half minutes. Then softly got up and padded down the stairway and to the BTS mansion kitchen. Then he cooked Jungkook a delicious breakfast of eggs, bacon, and waffles with blood- strawberry syrup. The blood strawberry syrup was to reminisce on the first day they met, today on their second day anniversary. Suddenly Renjun and Jimin walked in, hand in hand. Draco nodded “sup” to them. Yesterday after Jungkook stopped Draco, Jimin was initially really angry. But after a little talk, they cleared the air and now were close friends on instagram!

Draco was about to bring the breakfast feast up to Junkook, but then Jungcook padded into the kitchen and kissed Draco on the cheek. The four of them, Draco, Jungkook, Jimin, and Renjun all walked into the dining hall to eat together. They sat down at the kitchen table in chairs poised like thrones. Draco was on top of the world, he was with his new true love, Jungkook, and nothing could stop their happiness. Then suddenly Lucius Malfoy, Draco’s dad, stormed in.

“DRACOOOO” he roared “what are you doing with JUNGKOOK!!!”

“He’s the loml!” Draco bravely cried back. Draco had pretty low self esteem, so this was a big deal.

“Jungkook has six-lobe piercings (two on the right and four on the left), two helix piercings, and one eyebrow piercing, that is too many holes! It’s dishonorable Draco, how shameful for a half vampire half emo teenage wizard like yourself to be so infatuated with someone who would voluntarily puncture so many holes in their body! It’s bad enough that you have the spontaneous urge to puncture holes in other people, because youre half vampire, but this is low. Even for you!”

Draco shed bloody vampire tears. He always hated that he was half vampire, it isolated him from the Malfoy family. He had always taken on this burden himself. But he just couldn’t control himself anymore

“Father, if you had not whored around so much on mother, I would be able to love who I want to love! And marry who I want to marry! Fuck you and your libido!”

Lucius was speechless. Then he quietly and dangerously whispered “I thought this might happen.” Then Lucius took out his wand, waved it, and muttered “apparate,”. His surroundings, the BTS mansion, and Junkook pixelated away, as Draco was tearfully whisked back to the Malfoy mansion.

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Draco was even more emo than ever before. His heart longed for Jungkook. He even dyed his hair black, the color of deepest darkest mourning in wizard culture. Draco and Jungkook had been staying in contact through the lyrics of Jungkook’s songs, like Seven Days a Week which Draco knew was a secret message from Jungkook. Alas, Junggkook could not come visit Draco because Hybe Co was trying to cover up the dramatic whirlwind love between Jungkook and Funko Draco Punko star, Draco Malfoy.

Even more pressing, it had been 9 months, and Draco had been hiding from the Malfoys that he was pregnant! With Jungkook’s baby!! Everyone stared at Draco in between his wizardry classes

and in the hallways, they knew that something was off with Draco, but just could not figure out what!

Then suddenly, there was a ruckus in the great hall. Draco ran to go look at all the hubbub. Then he gasped. The great hall was covered with massive flyers of Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way kissing... Harry Potter??? Harry Potter gayboi twitch icon?????? The school was rioting, after all Harry hung up a gay flag in his room in the background of his twitch streams, and publicly talked about his struggles as a gayboi in the limelight of society! But now.... He was a lying sneaking sneaky snake!

"And they say slytherins are sneaky," Draco muttered to himself saltily. Then he trudged back to the dorms. He didn't have time anymore for drama like that. He had bigger selkies to fry.

After these two events, Hogwarts descended into hetero-hell. The two icons of the gay scene now retreating into the shadows and crevices of society gave way for the boring ass straight jocks to rule the school. Sparkle, pizzazz, and rainbows left hogwarts creating an empty shell of the queer haven it used to be. The rest of the gays became closeted again. A random writer named JK Rowling visited and saw the gloom, then wrote a best selling book on the now decrepit lives of wizard teenagers. Time passed, plots thickened and thinned. Lives were lived, lives were lost. Voldemort came to power, then faded away again. Draco and Harry remained washed up legends of before. Jungkook never had time to visit Draco. Time seemed to lose meaning and purpose as the starcrossed fates of Draco and Jungkook gradually drifted apart. Henceforth this generation of wizards forever lost queer joy.



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